# UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

*Associate Editors*

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

## The Man from Mars Asks About "Elmer Gantry"

*By* ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

## The Story of My Experiments with Truth

*Part III, Chapter III. By* M. K. GANDHI

## A Spiritual Quest and Venture of Faith

(AN OMITTED CHAPTER)

*By* BILL SIMPSON

VOLUME XCIX NUMBER 8

Chicago, April 25, 1927

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

# UNITY

(Established 1878)

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, EDITOR IN CHIEF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

UNITY Fellowship

FRANK C. DOAN
CHARLES F. DOLE
ZONA GALE
JESSE H. HOLMES
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
H. R. MUSSEY
FRANCIS NEILSON
EDMUND H. REEMAN
ALSON H. ROBINSON
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Managing Editor
EDITH LLOYD JONES

Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE Pamphlet Mission FOR FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:
ROBERT COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GANNETT, St. Paul.
JENKIN LL. JONES, Janesville. C. W. WENDTE, Cincinnati.
J. C. LEARNED, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.00. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBBINS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. SUNDERLAND, 66 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
GEO. W. COOKE, Grand Haven, Mich., - } "Notes and News."

Editorial Contributors

W. Waldemar W. Argow
Charles E. Beals
Harry Foster Burns
Percy M. Dawson
James Waldo Fawcett
David Starr Jordan
Joseph Ernest McAfee
Anna Garlin Spencer
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
James H. West

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—Charles Strong
AUSTRIA—Stefan Zweig
BULGARIA—F. M. Matthéeff
CANADA—Sidney Snow
CHINA—Gilbert Reid
ENGLAND—Fred Hankinson
Walter Walsh
FRANCE—G. Demartial
Romain Rolland
GERMANY—Theodor Hahn
INDIA—Rabindranath Tagore
ITALY—Guglielmo Lusidi
JAPAN—Nobuichiro Imaoha
RUSSIA—Afina Huebach

UNITY PUBLISHING Co., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

*"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"*

*Announcement*

Part III

OF GANDHI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Began in this magazine on

April 11

*Continuing*

THE GREAT STORY OF SOUTH AFRICA

*Subscribe Now!* *Renew Now!*

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
700 Oakwood Boulevard
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sirs: Enclosed please find $3.00, for which
(a) Enter my subscription for one year from date,
or
(b) Renew my subscription for one year from date of expiration.

Name .....

Address .....

*Contents*

EDITORIAL— Page

Notes ..... 119

The Man from Mars Asks About "Elmer Gantry"—ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY ..... 122

Jottings—J. H. H. ..... 124

ARTICLES—

The Story of My Experiments with Truth—Part III, Chapter III—The Test—M. K. GANDHI ..... 125

A Spiritual Quest and Venture of Faith (An Omitted Chapter)—BILL SIMPSON ..... 126

POETRY—

The Open Doors—MARGUERITE EMILIO ..... 119

The Return—*John Richard Moreland* ..... 124

THE FIELD—

Declaration—Chinese Christian Students' Association ..... 131

A Permanent Commission on Better Understanding ..... 131

# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIX MONDAY, APRIL 25, 1927 NUMBER 8

### THE OPEN DOORS

**From our dull eyes, O God,**
**The film of blindness sweep,**
**That we may see with undimmed sight**
**Life's height and lowest deep.**

**Open our minds, O God,**
**Long closed and tightly sealed,**
**Cleanse them with thy still growing truth**
**From day to day revealed.**

**Open our selfish hearts,**
**Enlarge them, make them kind,**
**As we give freely of our love**
**Thine own love we shall find.**

**Eyes, mind and heart, O God,**
**These doors must open be**
**If we would reach that final door**
**Which opens unto thee.**

MARGUERITE EMILIO.

---

It would be difficult to exaggerate the horror of the Chicago municipal election; more particularly its outcome. The violence actually attending the event was reduced much below expectations. But of the prospect for good government in the second largest city of the nation during the next four years, probably the self-respecting citizen wishes the least possible said. Yet one feature of the affair may well hold the interest of the nation. The most complete and deliberate nullification of the Volstead Act and of the 18th amendment of the Federal Constitution yet attempted is here confidently and authoritatively promised. An administration comes into control of the political affairs of this large community which has given assurance of such nullification in advance. The substantial vote of the citizenship which put this group in office is indication that a great American community desires or is at least willing to see the experiment tried, and to be a party to it. Citizens of other communities may not admire their judgment, nor wish personally to participate in the experiment, but the entire nation must derive profit from the results. We shall all see what we shall see. We shall discover how a wide-open town functions. Those with memories too short to reach back into the blisses of the era of the open saloon will become educated. There should be a thorough testing of the argument that Prohibition and attempts to enforce it have precipitated the crime wave. Now that the forces opposing Prohibition are to have their way, it must be presumed that the gangsters who have made Chicago infamous these later years will become orderly, and at least sufficiently sober to justify the contention of their highly placed sponsors that Prohibition has enflamed them. The new administration promises that there will be no Prohibition, no pretense of it, in Chicago, for the next four years. Now watch how the program works!

---

American admirals obviously lost their heads in China, but American officials at home are as obviously keeping them. The State Department, to its credit be it said, is watching its step and refusing to be rushed. We could wish that it would do more than this. In a situation accurately and vividly described by an American missionary as meaning the same thing to China today that our Revolution in 1776 meant to us, it would not only become but glorify our government to give the Chinese people open assurance of our understanding and sympathy in their great struggle for liberation. But this is of course far too much to expect in this late imperialistic age. Under the circumstances it is much to be thankful for that the Washington government is holding its horses, or rather its marines, and thus refusing to take advantage of the crisis. This is all the more creditable, be it said, in view of the obvious plan of the British "die-hards," now in control of the Baldwin cabinet, to make war on China and to line up America in the forefront of the battle line. British propaganda against China, as shameless as any used during the Great War against Germany, has been at work now for weeks. It has flooded our newspapers with all the old familiar yarns about treaty violations, atrocities, Bolshevism, and the rest of the flub-dub. Our correspondents in Shanghai have most of them "fallen" for this stuff as though they were the veriest cub reporters. We have seen nothing like Frederick Moore's stories in the New York *Times* since the days when Harold Williams was sending to that paper his famous fairy-stories out of Russia. But, like a burnt child which fears the fire, our people have refused to get excited, and our government has refused to rush to arms. It seems too good to be true—that Coolidge

and Kellogg can be thus fair in their far-eastern policy. We tremble every morning, as we pick up our paper, lest we read that China is taking its turn with Mexico and Nicaragua. But thus far the administration has done well. Praise to whom praise is due!

---

Dr. Allen C. Hutcheson, American medical missionary at Nanking, China, must be an interesting man. He seems to be of the breed of the war-Christians we became so familiar with during the Great War in Europe. Do you know who is really responsible for all this trouble in Shanghai? Why, "the pacifist missionaries," says Dr. Hutcheson! They fell in with and encouraged Chinese students and Christians in the acceptance of Bolshevist principles and at the same time "'doped' the American people with regard to the so-called Nationalist movement." All of which sounds familiar—especially when the fearsome Dr. goes on to specify the chief crime of these pacifist missionaries to be the petition which they signed some months ago asking the American government to withdraw its gunboats from the treaty ports, and not attempt to defend Christianity and its representatives with weapons of force and violence. Some of our readers will remember this petition signed by 200 Christian men and women—how it thrilled the world as an almost unparalleled proclamation of trust in that religion of goodwill and peace which is the true gospel of the Nazarene. Dr. Hutcheson will have nothing of this milk-and-water stuff. He is the type of Christian who carries a sword in his right hand to defend the Bible he carries in his left, and who will gladly dip that sword in the blood of his fellowmen whenever duty, or his own personal safety, calls. And why not, for we are the people, are we not? "Obviously," says the good Dr., "Western civilization is infinitely superior (to Chinese). . . . Many missionaries in recent years have been deluding themselves about Chinese culture, assuming an almost apologetic attitude for America's offering of Christianity." Such an attitude, filled as it is with charity and understanding and brotherhood, is of course a scandal—and now look what it has brought upon the world! Verily, verily, it is terrible. But if you want to know, dear readers, what we think deep down in the burrows of our heart, it is that it is the psychology, the ignorance, the bigotry, the pharisaism, the barbarism of men like Dr. Hutcheson that has 'roused China to rebellion. Such men are curses to the world, and, we verily believe, anathema to God.

---

What a Chinese gentleman, scholar and public official thinks of the so-called "news" which has been pouring into this country from China in recent weeks is clearly indicated by a recent address by Mr. Ziangling Chang, consul-general for China in New York City. We wish that all our readers knew this distinguished man, and his competence to know and judge what is going on in his native country. What we have there, he says, is a great outbreak of nationalism, a stupendous renaissance of native culture and character. China is now passing through exactly the same kind of experience that came to Europe four centuries ago when the native peoples of the continent threw off the alien rule of the Holy Roman Church and the Holy Roman Empire, and established their own governments and vindicated their own cultures and religions. Yet the newspapers describe this epochal and epical movement as only a mad mob uprising against foreigners, as though the wars of the 16th and 17th centuries in Europe were merely riots! "Always ignoring the signs of growth and progress in China," says Mr. Chang, "the foreign press reports only its turmoils." Our newspapers, he continued, are filled with "propaganda," instigated by British-controlled news sources. And he even went so far as to suggest that the whole news situation is part of a deliberate program determined upon by England when it ended its Japanese alliance and resolved to capture the United States for support of its far eastern policy. Whether we can accept this last suggestion or not, we must agree that Mr. Chang is right when he declares that the press, "blind to the facts," is lapping up the manufactured "news" gladly provided by interested parties. Think of it! Here is the greatest awakening of a great people since western Europe emerged from feudalism. Here are four hundred millions of mortals arising to assert their rights and to vindicate their independent life. What a spectacle! And in our newspapers we see nothing but a crowd of coolies murdering some hated foreigners. It is to laugh—and also to weep!

---

The idea that England is headed for a class war, of which the great general strike was a kind of preliminary warning, will not down. The present occasion of its recurrence is the bill recently introduced into the House of Commons by the Baldwin government for the curbing of the power of the trades unions. It would be incredible that a man like Premier Baldwin, who gained his initial reputation and influence as a moderate, could be responsible for this bill, were it not for the fact now clearly manifest that the "die-hards," headed by Churchill and Birkenhead, have captured control of the cabinet. It would be incredible that even these "die-hards" could be responsible for such a measure, were it not for the fact long since clearly manifest that "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

The details of this government bill are unimportant. All are aimed at the sinister objective of stripping the trades unions of all or most of those legal powers and privileges which have been painfully gained through more than fifty years of struggle and sacrifice. The purpose is to enslave labor once again. That the working class, self-conscious, militant and organized as it is today, will submit to legislation of this character is of course impossible. If the bill goes through, it will make the opening of that class war, now talked about, which may deluge England in blood for the first time in three hundred years. Already the mere introduction of the bill into the Commons has embarrassed the moderate leaders of the Labor Party and strengthened immeasurably the radicals. Its progress through Parliament will quickly transform the Party into an out-and-out "Red" movement, and thus draw the lines of revolutionary strife. Curious that our Tory friends cannot understand that civil rights and the full, free exercise thereof are the one great safety-valve in a democracy—that the preservation of the political process is the one sure preventive of violence and destruction! But apparently they learn nothing. This one thing is sure, however—that so long as men are men, they will revolt against tyranny, whether we like it or not. The English "die-hards" are preparing the worst; Baldwin, by yielding to them, is showing himself to be a weak and supine leader. Nothing but an uprising upon the part of English men and women, and a return of Labor to office, can save the situation that now exists.

---

It is silly to flare out upon the forces of nature when they do us hurt—to spit at fire, to stamp upon the sea in resentment against its rising tides. Perhaps it is almost as silly to get mad at a child for being thoughtless. But one's first impulse when one reads of the burning of the plucky Italian aviator's plane down in Arizona is to yearn for a broad and horny paternal hand to give a certain small boy a good spanking. That is doubtless silly. The lad did not mean mischief when he tossed into the lake the match still aflame from lighting his cigarette. The surface of the lake was covered with oil, spilled in filling the plane's tanks. An adult might have known that gasoline, though floating on water, will still burn. Doubtless it is unreasonable to expect a lad to know that, even if he may be held accountable for handling lighted matches in general. It is perhaps silly also to preach a sermon against the smoking of cigarettes by adolescents from this text of disaster, though that temptation is also strong. Take it any way you will, it was a most annoying and indeed a tragic incident that the hardy airman's plane should have come to destruction on a peaceful millpond in the desert of Arizona, after having come successfully through innumerable hazards of sea and wilderness in five continents. And all through the careless fillip of a small boy's lighted match! Still, that is the way of men and of things. It was the quacking of a goose that saved Rome,—or did it betray Rome? It makes little difference which, for the usefulness of our analogy. Nothing is little and essentially inconsequential. Nor is fruitless pining over what ought not to have been aught but fruitless. Pinedo himself is reported to be philosophical. Probably he did not spank the boy, nor attempt it. The loss was tragic, all the same. We wish the stout-hearted airman all the luck in the world in his flight around the rest of the world in his new plane shipped from Italy.

---

The greatest show on earth has set up its figurative poles and stretched its figurative canvas. The barker is making the welkin ring with invitations to the public. The base ball season is here. All is not the best with baseball, but most is considerably better than it once was. The business has suffered a drastic house-cleaning during the past winter. How really the house may now be said to be clean depends upon one's notions of cleanliness and the zeal with which he pries into the dark corners. New millions have poured into the business. Still more millions are being extracted from it. Salaries have taken a new jump upwards. One player receives for the sporting season almost the annual salary of the President of the United States. Others range not far behind. One made a rather substantial killing in the stock market, selling at about a hundred baseball stock which cost him a short time ago only forty-five. Two others vaulted into fabulously rewarded positions from a station before the bar of justice, whither alleged participation in an outrageous scandal had brought them. It is a great game—if you do not weaken! And the American public shows little sign of weakening. Only pessimists fear that the scandals which precipitated the recent house-cleaning will reduce the mounting gate receipts during the season now opening. On the contrary, one of the most brilliant and lucrative seasons of baseball history is now promised. How creditable to the seriousness of purpose of American society is this program? The game costs fabulous fortunes. An increasing bulk of good brain as well as good brawn goes into the business. Is it all worth while? Is it healthy effervescence of energy, or is it cankerous decay, the betrayal of social purpose? There is much in the make-up of our civilization which seems betrayal, but baseball is certainly not our most flagrant. It is a game. It has no more serious purpose than sport is supposed to have. Compared with the game of stock speculation, for example, it is the beau ideal of seriousness, and costs less, immeasurably less!

# The Man From Mars Asks About "Elmer Gantry"

I sat musing in my study chair on the evening of the 31st of March. Mad March was going out like a lion. The wind howled and shrieked as it beat against the window panes. The house trembled under the fierce attack. Long years ago my father would say on such nights when the wind beat its way in mad rushes across the prairies seemingly exulting in its untamed power, "It's a bad night for sailors on the sea."

I had never seen the sea and did not until years afterwards, but the phrase stuck in my mind. So I thought of his saying and repeated it to myself. But for the noise of the wind and the fitful beating of the rain, the house was still. I watched the fire burn in the fireplace and thought of my comfort and security. Then the bell rang. I went somewhat impatiently to the door.

"Who wants me at this time of the night," I said complainingly for I had had a tiresome day and the town clock had struck eleven. I opened the door. There stood a little man. The water was dripping from his slicker.

"Sorry to trouble you," he said.

"Come in," I replied, anxious to shut out the driving storm.

My visitor came into the hall without a word, took off his slicker and hung it on the rack. Then I saw it was my "man from Mars."

"Oh, it is you, is it!" I exclaimed. "What brings you here in this storm?"

"I was going by, saw the fire light, thought you might be alone, and really I wanted to ask you a question. I always come with a question you know. But if I am intruding I'll go on."

"No, no," I said hastily, "come in to my study. I really am glad to see you."

When we were seated in comfortable chairs we sat for some time in the dim light looking at the fire. My curiosity finally impelled me to say, "You said you had a question."

"Yes, I have a perplexing one this time," he replied turning his fine thin face to me, a quiet smile playing about his lips. Then he looked again at the fire. The long blue and yellow flames shot up from the logs. The house trembled under the blows of the savage wind.

"Bad night," he said quietly.

"Yes," I replied.

There was another long pause and then I asked, "When did you arrive?"

"About a month ago. I got through easily this time. Just missed a barrage of jazz. I was more fortunate this time than on the last trip. Then you remember the infernal jazz kept me dancing for days in your upper atmosphere."

"Yes, I know. I do not wish to hurry you, but I am curious about your question. Smoke?"

"Occasionally. I acquired the habit on my last trip."

I gave my visitor a cigar and lighted my pipe.

"By the way I do not believe I know your name. It's rather awkward to call you 'The Man from Mars.'"

"Just call me 'Mars.' It sounds belligerent to Earth folk, but I really am a peaceful individual. I am sure that you can help me this time. I have been reading a book the last week which interests me very much, but it also puzzles me a great deal. I want to know if it is true."

"What is the book," I said more curious than ever.

"Elmer Gantry."

"Elmer Gantry! Here's a real coincidence. I just finished reading it." I turned and took the book from the table.

"I have been very much interested in it."

"So have I. Interested and puzzled. Does it really represent the state of religion in America?"

"That is a hard question to answer," said I. "Please tell me what you think about it. I shall be glad to have the opinion of a real outsider."

"I am hardly in a position to give an opinion."

"You've been here at least three times, and surely a man as inquisitive and zealous for information as you are must have made some inquiry into the state of religion on this part of the earth."

"Yes, I've been here a score of times. I have visited Europe, Asia, Africa and the isles of the sea. But I go away every time more perplexed about many things than when I came."

"You are not like many visitors we have who know all about America the day after they land in New York. Some Englishmen seem to have us pigeon-holed and labeled as soon as they land. And more marvelous, we pay them good money for telling us what they think of us. They do it very graciously. So graciously that we take it for the truth and even enjoy their making us laugh at ourselves."

"I do not know about that," he said meditatively, "all I know is that I am more and more bewildered. I have traveled about quite a bit. I have seen your cities, towns and villages. I have been North, East, South and West. Everywhere I see churches. In a town of one thousand inhabitants I saw twelve churches. You do not have so many proportionately in your large cities. But even then the size of your churches impresses me. In New York I saw that huge pile, The Cathedral of St. John the Divine. It has cost millions. Surely religion must mean something to you when you are willing to build buildings that cost such immense sums of money. In Chicago I saw a church building in the heart of the business district which was crowned by a cross hundreds of feet above the pavement. It certainly is an impressive sight. In a southern

city I saw an ecclesiastical establishment whose buildings covered a city block. But I need not go on. You know these things better than I do."

"Then you are impressed with our devotion to religion," I said.

"Yes, I am, but this book raises questions in my mind. You spend millions for religion, schools, colleges, and theological seminaries, to prepare your young men for the ministry. You build churches and churches. You devote at least one day a week to holding what you call 'services' in them. And then this book seems to indicate it's all a sham. It is what you call 'bunk.' Is the book true?"

"Well, Mr. Mars, if you read the newspapers and I judge you do, you know very well that there are a lot of ministers who are saying very emphatically if not angrily that it is not true. These ministers say frankly that Sinclair Lewis is a liar."

"Yes, yes," he interrupted, hastily. "I know that, but I am beginning to wonder if they are competent witnesses. If you will pardon a stranger for saying so. It seems to me that it may be what you call a bread and butter question with them."

"That may be true," I said cautiously.

"But I came to you for your opinion. I want to know what you think about the book."

"I know, but I am just as desirous of knowing what you think of 'Elmer Gantry,'" I said.

"Please turn on the light," he said, taking the book from my lap and turning its pages.

"Here is a passage that I cannot understand:

> The Roman Catholic Church is superior to the militant Protestant church. It does not compel you to give up your sense of beauty, your sense of humor, or your pleasant vices. It merely requires you to give up your honesty, your reason, your heart and soul.

"It seems to be the opinion of Mr. Lewis," I replied evasively.

Mars kept on turning the pages of the book. I wondered what he would turn to next.

"Listen to this phrase:

> Frank perceived that a preacher can be a scoundrel or a hypocrite and still be accepted by his congregation . . . so Frank Shallard, pupil of Bruno Zechlin, said nervously to an examining cleric that yes, unrepentant sinners would go to a literal hell; that yes, these unrepentant sinners included all persons who did not go to evangelical churches if they had a chance, and that, yes, the Maker of a Universe with stars a hundred light years apart was interested, furious, and very personal about it if a small boy played baseball on Sunday afternoon.

Now what I cannot understand is this: Frank Shallard seems to be a decent sort of a chap, but does not this make him a conscious hypocrite?"

"It seems to," I said sadly.

"Please tell me," went on Mr. Mars, "why it is that the three clergymen in the book who seem to have any learning are in the same boat with Frank Shallard? Is it true that what you call modern knowledge makes it impossible to believe in the church creeds?"

"The clergymen in Mr. Lewis' book seem to find it so. But how does it seem to you Martians?"

"The truth is," said my visitor, "that I never have been able to make the Martians understand the creeds. I tell them that many Earth folk believe that God created a man and woman, and then tempted them beyond what He knew they would be able to bear. They fell and were cast out of Paradise. God gave the man and woman another chance, but their descendants were so wicked that he drowned all but one family. God began again, or the human race did, but to no purpose. Then God picked out one race, a chosen people, but they also fell by the way. At last he sent his Son to earth,—you know the story. The Martians just will not believe that anybody believes all this. They think I'm kidding them."

"You are queer people, you Martians," I said.

"Maybe," said my visitor. "But this is not answering my question about this book. What I would like to know is your opinion about it. Does church membership mean either stupidity or hypocrisy?"

"Does Mr. Lewis imply that?" I asked cautiously.

"He most certainly does. The Theological Seminary that he describes is a sorry joke. The churches that accept the ministers from such a source cannot be described as centers of light and learning."

"You do not seem to have a high regard for the picture of religious life in America that Mr. Lewis portrays?"

"I do not, but is the picture a true one? That is what I want to know."

I parried his question by asking him what he thought about "Elmer Gantry" himself.

"He seems to me the product of the system of which he is a part. His conversion was a sham. All who took part in it were playing a part. The ministry was offered to him as a good way of getting on in the world. Numbers were the test of success. He and that woman evangelist were intoxicated with the power they possessed. He never had but one really honest influence in his life and that was his Mother's. And she, poor woman, wanted him to be a success. I rather pity the poor chap. He was not thrown into the lion's den but into the ministry. And there he loved the use of power he had over others. But did college or theological seminary give him any other ideal? The real shame was not in Elmer's going in, but in his being taken into the Ministry."

"Well, perhaps you are right," I said with a sigh. My pipe had gone out. The fire had burned low. The storm had subsided. The talk of The Man from Mars had depressed me. As we looked into the dying coals I thought, "Is this the way an outsider looks at the churches of America? Lewis is an outsider too. 'The man on the outside often sees the best,' is an old proverb. The insider seldom likes the criticism of the outsider. It may be for the reason that there is truth in it."

The Martian did not move. My thoughts ran on. I thought of ministers I had known, ministers who had come to me to tell that they wished they were well out of it, that they did not believe what they preached; of church members, pillars, who had said they despised the church; of others who had frankly confessed that they repeated the creeds with their fingers crossed. There flashed into my mind the picture of a church deacon, a builder of shoddy houses, which, painted and papered, he sold to unsuspecting working people. I remembered a minister who told me of the "inside" of church politics in his denomination. My own theological days went by me like a flash of lightning. I remembered the reasons once urged upon me for entering the ministry and a recent editorial in a leading Church journal on "Lost Souls." All the time the simple faith in love that my mother had taught me hovered on the borders of my consciousness. The clock struck one. The Martian stirred. I sighed and said, "You may be right about Elmer."

"But you haven't answered my question. Is this book true?"

"You can answer it better than I can."

"I am sorry I came so late, and stayed so long. If you will be good enough to call a taxi I'll go to my hotel."

As we waited for the taxi, my visitor said, "I do not want to offend you, but have you really been honest with me?"

"I have been honest in this. I wanted to know what you thought about 'Elmer Gantry.' I do not know what I think about it. Come around a month from now when it has soaked in a bit and perhaps then I can tell you. Tonight I think that Mr. Lewis has written what he thought was an honest book. He has not seen everything. Of this I am sure, the whole system of creeds breeds the very thing that he condemns. A man, now president of a theological seminary, belonging to one of our denominations which prides itself on its culture and beauty of ritual once said to me, 'When I say the creed, the congregation thinks I mean one thing and I mean another.' Frankly that is what the creedal system leads to. It's a bad system and readers of 'Elmer Gantry' will miss the point if they fail to see that this is what Sinclair Lewis has hit and hit hard." The horn of the taxi sounded.

"Thank you."

As we went out onto the porch we discovered that the storm had ceased. The stars shone in the sky. In the distance a baby was crying. The air mail beacon flashed across the sky. In the distance was the roar of the aeroplane carrying messages across the continent.

"Good night," said the man from Mars.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

---

## Jottings

Mayor William Hale Thompson as the chief magistrate of the city of Jane Addams and Clarence Darrow is a spectacle which may well challenge divine omniscience to explain, as well as divine omnipotence to endure.

---

Television has come. We can now *see* the person with whom we are telephoning. Wonderful, beyond question, but—*what of it?*

---

"Elinor Wylie, perhaps the best of our lady poets, even when writing novels." (St. Paul *News*.) This may be true, but Miss Wylie is *not* "the best of our lady poets" when writing poetry. Not by a long shot! Miss Millay, for example, writes poetry which makes us forget all competitors, gentlemen poets and lady poets alike.

---

The sending of Indian troops to China would seem to be a first-class way in which to set India all aflame again. Already the fires are kindling here and there. It is difficult to reconcile this stupidity with the usual astuteness of British colonial administration.

---

"The movement has the support of the better elements of the community."—Newspaper story.

By "the better elements" is meant, of course, clergymen, bankers, lawyers, society leaders, wealthy persons, etc., etc.—the people, in other words, who have had all the advantages. But wherein are these any "better" than the workers, for example? Better why, and for what? Such phrases are, to our mind, sheer snobbery —pharisaism of the worst type. Away with them!

---

The one hundredth anniversary of the great Lister has been fittingly if quietly commemorated. As much as any man, he is the father of modern surgery. To think of the lives saved and the pain alleviated by his influence, is to bow down in reverence.

J. H. H.

---

### The Return

The yellow sun made gold my window sill,
A silver shower beat on my window pane,
A bird sang in a white tree on the hill,—
And blue-eyed April was back again!

*The Personalist* —*John Richard Moreland*

# The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1927)

PART III—CHAPTER III

## The Test

So the ships were brought into the dock and the passengers began to go ashore. But Mr. Escombe had sent word to the Captain that as the whites were highly enraged against me, and my life was in danger, I and my family should be advised to land at dusk when the Port Superintendent, Mr. Tatum, would escort us home. The Captain communicated the message to me and I agreed to act accordingly. But scarcely half an hour after this Mr. Laughton came to the Captain. He said: "I would like to take Mr. Gandhi with me, should he have no objection. As the legal advisor of the Agent Company I tell you that you are not bound to carry out the message you have received from Mr. Escombe." After this he came to me and said somewhat to this effect: "If you are not afraid, I suggest that Mrs. Gandhi and the children should drive to Mr. Rustomji's house, whilst you and I follow them on foot. I do not at all like the idea of your entering the city like a thief in the night. I do not think there is any fear of anyone hurting you. Everything is quiet now. The whites have all dispersed. But in any case I am convinced that you ought not to enter the city stealthily." I readily agreed. My wife and children drove safely to Rustomji's place. With the Captain's permission I went ashore with Mr. Laughton. Mr. Rustomji's house was about two miles from the dock.

As soon as we landed some youngsters recognized me and shouted, "Gandhi, Gandhi." Half a dozen or so rushed to the spot and joined in the shouting. Mr. Laughton feared that the crowd might swell, and he hailed a rickshaw. I had never liked the idea of being in a rickshaw. This was to be my first experience. But the youngsters would not let me get into it. They frightened the rickshaw boy out of his life and he took to his heels. As we went ahead the crowd continued to swell, until it became impossible to proceed further. They first caught hold of Mr. Laughton and separated us. Then they pelted me with stones, brickbats and rotten eggs. Some one snatched away my turban, whilst others began to batter and kick me. I fainted and caught hold of the front railings of a house and stood there to get my breath. But it was impossible. They came upon me boxing and battering. The wife of the Police Superintendent, who knew me, happened to be passing by. The brave lady came up, opened her parasol (though there was no sun then) and stood between the crowd and me. This checked the fury of the mob, as it was difficult for them to deliver blows on me without harming Mrs. Alexander.

Meanwhile an Indian youth who witnessed the incident had run to the police station. The Police Superintendent, Mr. Alexander, sent a posse of men to ring me round and escort me safely to my destination. They arrived in time. The police station lay on our way. As we reached there the superintendent asked me to take refuge in the station, but I gratefully declined the offer. "They are sure to quiet down when they realize their mistake," I said. "I have trust in their sense of fairness." Escorted by the police I arrived without further harm at Mr. Rustomji's place. I had bruises all over, but no abrasions except in one place. Dr. Dadiburjor, the ship's best doctor who was on the spot, rendered the best possible help.

There was quiet inside, but outside the whites surrounded the house. Night was coming on and the yelling crowd was shouting, "We must have Gandhi." The quick-sighted Police Superintendent was already there trying to keep the crowds under control, not by threats but by humoring them. But he was not entirely free from anxiety. He sent me a message to this effect: "If you would save your friend's house and property and also your family, you should escape from the house in disguise, as I suggest."

Thus on one and the same day I was faced with two contradictory positions. When danger to life had been no more than imaginary, Mr. Laughton advised me to launch forth openly. I accepted the advice. When the danger was quite real, another friend gave me contrary advice and I accepted that too. Who can say whether I did so because I saw that my life was in jeopardy, or because I did not want to put my friend's life and property, or the lives of my wife and children, in danger? Who can say for certain that I was right both when I faced the crowd in the first instance bravely, as it was said, and when I escaped from it in disguise?

It is idle to adjudicate upon the right and wrong of incidents that have already happened. It is useful to understand them and, if possible, to learn a lesson from them for the future. It is difficult to say for certain how a particular man would act under a particular set of circumstances. We can also see that judging a man from his outward act is no more than a doubtful inference inasmuch as it is not based on sufficient data.

Be that as it may, the preparations for escape made me forget my injuries. According to the suggestion of the Superintendent, I put on an Indian constable's uniform and wore on my head a Madrasi scarf, wrapped round a plate to serve as a helmet. Two detectives accompanied me, one of them disguised as an Indian merchant and with his face painted to resemble that of an Indian. I forget the disguise of the other. We reached a neighboring shop by a bye-lane, and making our way through the gunny bags piled in the godown, we escaped by the gate of the shop and threaded our way through the crowd to a carriage that had been kept for me at the end of the street. In this we drove off to the same police station where Mr. Alexander had offered me refuge a short time before, and I thanked him and the detective officers.

Whilst I had been thus effecting my escape, Mr. Alexander had kept the crowd amused by singing the tune:

> Hang old Gandhi
> On the sour apple tree.

When he was informed of my safe arrival at the police station, he thus broke the news to the crowd: "Well, your victim has made good his escape through a neighboring shop. You had better go home now." Some of them were angry, some laughed, some refused to believe the story.

"Well, then," said the Superintendent, "if you do not believe me, you may appoint one or two representatives, whom I am ready to take inside the house. If they succeed in finding out Gandhi, I will gladly deliver him to you. But if they fail, you must disperse. I am sure that you have no intention of destroying Mr. Rustomji's house or of harming Mr. Gandhi's wife and children."

The crowd sent their representatives to search the house. They soon returned with disappointing news, and the crowd broke up at last, most of them admiring the Superintendent's tactful handling of the situation, and a few fretting and fuming.

The late Mr. Chamberlain, who was then Secretary of State for the Colonies, cabled asking the Natal Government to prosecute my assailants. Mr. Escombe sent for me, expressed his regret for the injuries I had sustained and said: "Believe me, I cannot feel happy over the least little injury done to your person. You had a right to accept Mr. Laughton's advice and to face the worst, but I am sure that if you had considered my suggestion favorably, these sad occurrences would not have happened. If you can identify the assailants, I am prepared to arrest and prosecute them. Mr. Chamberlain also desires me to do so."

To which I gave the following reply:

"I do not want to prosecute anyone. It is possible that I may be able to identify one or two of them, but what is the use of getting them punished? Besides I do not hold the assailants to blame. They were given to understand that I had made exaggerated statements in India about the whites in Natal and calumniated them. If they believed these reports it is no wonder that they were enraged. The leaders, and if you will permit me to say so, you are to blame. You could have guided the people properly, but you also believed Reuter and assumed that I must have indulged in exaggeration. I do not want to bring anyone to book. I am sure that when the truth becomes known, they will be sorry for their conduct."

"Would you mind giving me this in writing," said Mr. Escombe. "Because I shall have to cable to Mr. Chamberlain to that effect. I do not want you to make any statement in haste. You may, if you like, consult Mr. Laughton and your other friends before you come to a final decision. I may confess, however, that if you waive the right of bringing your assailants to book, you will considerably help me in restoring quiet, besides enhancing your own reputation."

"Thank you," said I. "I need not consult anyone. I had made my decision in the matter before I came to you. It is my conviction that I should not prosecute the assailants and I am prepared this moment to reduce my decision to writing."

With this I gave him the necessary statement.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from the Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

---

# A Spiritual Quest and Venture of Faith

(An Omitted Chapter)

## Introduction

Bill Simpson's autobiographical articles, "A Spiritual Quest and Venture of Faith," have stirred greater interest and evoked more responses than anything which has appeared in these columns since the first appearance of Gandhi's "Autobiography." We are fortunate in securing an extra chapter, to be included in the pamphlet reprint of his story, which tells of his thought and experience in the intimate field of marriage. This is printed, first, because of its impressive character as a confessional document—we do not recall anything to compare with it in sheer sincerity and elevation of spirit since Tolstoy's personal writings on the subject. It is printed, secondly, because there has been eager inquiry about this side of Bill Simpson's life.—EDITORS.

*Author's Foreword.*—My article recently published in UNITY was written at the request of the editor of another magazine about a year and a half ago, and then lay in a box until a friend got hold of it and sent it to Dr. Holmes. I put in it no explicit mention of my marriage, in spite of the fact that for several years previous, problems relating to marriage had been the storm-centre of my life. I made several attempts to write about it but for a number of reasons these were in vain. I felt that it was a field of experience in which, too largely, I had still to work my way through to moral stability, clear vision, and positive convictions. Also, the experience seemed just a bit *too* personal, even for one as willing to lay his life open as I have tried to be, thus to be bared to the public eye. But perhaps above all, within the word-limit set by the original editor, to cover the experience adequately along with the rest of my experience proved quite impossible. So I covered it as best I could in a *general* way. And in that form it appeared in UNITY under the section-heading entitled "The Sharp Outer Break with My Past and the Long Years of Inner Purgation."

But since the publication of the article, I have come to feel that my experience in marriage has been so essential a part of my life that some account of it cannot be omitted. With the rest of the story published a due regard for Truth seems to require that this be published also. It is, indeed, a matter for regret that it could not have been included in my recent article. The next best thing seemed to be to have it published by itself, in UNITY whose readers we hoped would have the recent story fresh enough in their minds to see this most personal part of my experience in its true perspective, against the background of the life as a whole.

### *My Experience in Marriage*

As I have said, it is impossible here to go into this period of purgation in detail. But there was one side of my life at that time which was so illustrative of the period as a whole that I feel I must refer to it specifically. Moreover, it was the storm-centre. Difficulties that beset me elsewhere were very largely difficulties that had their origin here and waited here for their solution. I refer to the question of marriage.

Even when I became engaged, about a year and a half before I made my break with my past, I had a lurking sense that in making a move toward marriage, I was acting contrary to the bent and real meaning of my life. But this dim intuition was so vague and intangible, and so unsupported by my reason, that it was easily snowed under by the hopes and dreams and ideals of a great and perfect love and of a home of my own, which I had built up during my youth.

But when, in the Fall of 1920, my heart had been caught by the vision of such a universal and selfless love as I had seen in Jesus, and I was hungering to give to it my all, I seemed to take it for granted that I could not marry. It was not a matter of the flesh being evil. There was no thought of celibacy as an ideal. It was only that I foresaw that soon or late I would probably collide with society head-on and knew that I must be free to accept any risk or hardship which loyalty to my ideals might involve. I was going into society's jungle, and there no man takes a family.

Nevertheless the old dreams and desires persisted. At those hours when a desolating sense of the loneli-

ness and futility of my life was upon me, they flamed up with fierce intensity and I harbored the thought of forsaking my quest and warming my aching heart around their fire. Again and again I made moves in this direction but always at last, in vain. In vain because my ideals were too real, too true, too beautiful—I *could not* get away from them; but in vain no less because the one whom I loved would never consider marriage unless I brought all my idealism with me. And so again I set my course straight north.

Yet I could not *hold* it there. I was not strong enough, ruthless enough, to have done with my old hopes and dreams once and for all. After each new re-dedication, but a little while and they would come stealing back to undermine all my resolution. For a while I was torn asunder in the throes of a revolution every few days, and for the life of me I did not know which was the top and which was the bottom of my universe. Yet through all this storm, whenever I was able to be still before the uttermost Love within me, whenever I was completely willing to go any way—I knew I was not meant for marriage. It was always the same—always.

The intensity of my desires helped me to realize, that first winter, how much of selfishness there was about my longing to have one person upon whom I might lavish myself and by whom I might be loved above all others. I had always so idealized love between a man and a woman, that I never had realized the less worthy elements that might enter into it. But the persistence of my desires in the face of my highest ideals at last made me to see that the long and the short of it was simply that *I wanted*. When under its domination, I was not thinking whether or not the most universal love in me would find its fullest and freest expression if I were married. I was not considering whether or not the world needed the children to which my marriage might lead, nor whether it was the sort of world into which I believed it right to bring a little child life. It was a matter primarily of refractory instinct and a desire for my own personal happiness. If this wasn't selfishness, I didn't know what selfishness was.

Now I would not for a moment seem to suggest that our whole relationship could be accounted for by self-seeking. Far from it. Among people who have a real capacity for idealism I suppose this is almost never the case. With us certainly, there was a solid foundation of spiritual unity and intellectual understanding and harmony. We had our differences of approach, of method, and of conviction, but in our fundamental interests and purposes in life we were very much as one. Perhaps we were united above all else (and either blessed or cursed, according to one's point of view!) with a dogged determination to be honest, at all costs to serve the Truth that was in us. No, I do not (and did not) forget the exalting presence in our relationship of all this. But I was discovering the presence of something else along with it—something which has seemed to me to enter into the relationship of almost every two people I have ever known whose love made for marriage. There was a personal element. In addition to the deep in one calling unto the deep in the other, in which there was no straining, no clinging, no bondage, only a quick inner recognition and response, there was a surface attraction of person to person. Attraction of body for body was, of course, a part of it, but it was far more than that. Through many ramifications, under all sorts of disguises, in various degrees of refinement, there was *in one sense or another a desire to get something for oneself*. It might be a desire to have in the other a sure, ready, and quite unbarred outlet for the great love-force of one's life. It might be a desire to possess the place of favorite in the other's regard, to have this person love you more than anyone else on earth. It might be a hunger to have a nested home in the heart of the other, to which one could retire in hours of weariness, of doubt, of defeat, where one could always be sure of understanding, of love, of faith, and could without fear strip one's soul naked. Sometimes it might be a plain unvarnished physical desire. Or again, it might be a desire for spiritual unity and joyous comradeship in perilous quest and venture on the very highest plane—yet (mind you) always with one person in particular, above all others in the world! But no matter what the form, under them all there ran or lurked the desire to get and to keep something for oneself. It was not a pure desire simply to love and to give, finding its whole joy and contentment just in the loving and in the gift. There was the desire to *be* loved and to possess. It was not the love of an entirely pure heart to whose single eye spiritual unity is itself the thing of value, as beautiful and as much to be treasured with any one as with any other. There was a straining to realize spiritual unity with one above all others, which betrayed the fact that one's real attachment was not solely and selflessly to the things of the spirit, but to the person and for oneself. And this was self-seeking.

At the time we did not fully realize what it was we were trying to do. We were largely untutored and inexperienced in the subtleties and complexities of such human relationships. But I can see now that what we were doing was to try to extricate ourselves from the toils of the personal. We had caught a vision of a life in which the hunger of our hearts would not be *of* ourselves, *for* ourselves, or *to* ourselves, in which all that we felt and did and said would be just the Life of the Universe flowing through us, any special dream or desire for ourselves quite lost and forgotten. But in my own heart at least, I had to recognize that there were still personal attachments and desires which had an independent force and vitality of their own, quite apart from any spiritual unity, which caused them to persist in the face of the lapse of such unity and to rival my love of God. They often fairly overpowered my loyalty and devotion to Him and to the work He was giving me to do. When I opened the doors of my heart to the personal, that personal seemed to become a vortex sucking in all the love-force of my life and leaving my spiritual life drained and barren. But if I was able to hold the flood-gates tight shut to the personal, I found that the waters rose and rose till there was power in them and until they overflowed to irrigate the land all about me. Now, in the face of such a situation, it was quite plain that universal love and personal love were quite irreconcilable. There was no use trying to hypnotize myself into thinking they could go together. It was one or the other. I saw quite clearly that the will of God could never be done in me perfectly so long as that self-seeking, that self-will remained. The universal must, of course, find expression *through* the personal—through what is felt and said and done by one person toward another. And so, there might be a place for a life of man and woman together, for sex and for children, but if so it could not be as a thing *sought*, as an *end* in itself. If it came, it must come as something that just happened between two people, as something given of God *after* the surrender to Him of one's whole heart.

This experience helped me to understand what I discovered Tolstoy had to say about sex in his "Four Gospels." In commenting on the passage in Matthew V about looking upon a woman to lust after her, he declares Jesus meant that no woman is to be regarded as a means of carnal enjoyment. *No* woman, wife or otherwise, is to be looked upon with lust, as an object of sexual desire. And likewise, of course, of a woman for a man. And in this I knew he was right.

From this Tolstoy deduces that the universal ideal towards which all men and all women should at all times strive, is complete abstention from sexual intercourse and from all thoughts and feelings that point in that direction. For him sex meant lust and lust only. And I believe that Gandhi takes the same position.

Upon first contact with this idea, I was revolted, and wrote to a friend, "If this is what my way is bringing me too, I'm through." But the more I soberly pondered it, the more I had to admit the truth in Tolstoy's position. I came to see that the real issue was not over wife versus non-wife but over sexual desire itself. I saw that sexual desire does not become pure love when it is felt towards one to whom one happens to be married and foul lust when felt towards any one else. Sexual desire is lust towards whomsoever it be felt. I recognized, of course, that in the case of people who were united in a lofty idealism, sexual desire might be largely subordinated and sublimated, and that sexual intercourse might be attended with much that was other than a mere satisfaction of animal desire, with an experience of losing oneself in another person that was no less than spiritually exalting. Still—still—I believed that most, even of such idealists, would only have to be deprived of the opportunity for sexual expression through the death of their mates, their loss of spiritual unity, or the requirements of their own mission in life, to discover how much there was in them that was plain physical desire. In any case, I was clear that so long as there was any *straining* toward sex, no matter whom the person toward whom it turned and no matter what the degree of spiritual unity, there would be intermingled with, and underlying, that spiritual beauty, an element of self-will, of seeking the satisfaction of one's own individual personal existence, which must limit and jeopardize one's devotion to God and the universal good of men. I believed that such self-seeking was an inextricable element in all sexual desire. Before ever anyone could become an embodiment of the perfect love of God, that desire must be mastered. In the perfect service of Truth there was no more room for sexual desire than there was for any other manifestation of the personal. Any desire, every desire, that centered in oneself must go. No corner of one's life could be reserved. So long as there was any part of one's life unsurrendered, even the tiniest, it would poison the whole thing. Without any conditions or exceptions whatsoever, it must be a surrender of one's all.

Today I still hold by the truth of what I believed then. But I feel that it falls short of what now seems to me to be a larger truth. However, at that time it was as far as I saw. And thus celibacy became an ideal as well as an expedient.

And yet, in the face of the fact of this ideal and the understanding of life that supported it, I finally married. Now how could a man who was striving to serve the Truth above all else thus come to act counter to his ideal?

I think the root of the matter is simply that I was weak. There are indeed other things to be said but I believe that this ought to be said first.

It was not, however, a matter of an outright surrender. It was not as though the ideal stood out in the night flaming stark and clear, and I just plain deserted it. It was rather that the ideal became obscured, became lost, or at least that I lost the sureness of my faith in it. It is true my vision of the ideal went with me wherever I went, but something else stuck by me just as closely. It is true that there were high hours of dedication as I walked up and down a lonely country road in the winter night, when to doubt the ideal was as impossible as to doubt the sun and when utter surrender to its call filled me with deep, deep peace. In overflowing joy I knew I loved *all* men, if any more than another, the lowest most, and at these moments, unable to wait, I gathered a little evergreen into my arms or knelt down to kiss a wayside flower. But the very next day perhaps, the old desires would storm the citadel of my peace and would send out mental sappers to undermine its foundations. The one would assail the ideal as a bit of insanity, as a violation of Nature, of God's very evident intent for human beings, and if a violation for most human beings, why not for me? It was all a relic of some long suppressed fear of the flesh that was fastening onto this mad bit of medieval monkishness. Dedication, yes, but dedication wasted! Dedication to what end? It was a tragedy, a colossal tragedy, thus to persist in risking the ruin of two young lives by a mistake that must soon prove beyond recall. Up now! Come to your senses before it is all too late. . . . Or the sappers of the mind would come in. Yes, we would not deny that there is truth in your ideal. But you are not yet ready for it. You have taken over certain forms of life which you have discovered in Jesus and St. Francis and Tolstoy, and are trying to force your life to flow in them. But it refuses to flow in them. These forms are not natural to you. They were not forged out of the fiery depths of your own being. And in trying to force your life to flow in the forms of a love which you do not feel, you are injuring if not destroying the love which you do feel, and perhaps permanently maiming your very capacity to grow in love. Moreover, you are living a lie. And what is the purpose of this lie? In thus trying to take on the way of a person like Jesus, are you not seeking to lift yourself above the generality of men and to appear to be a spiritual leader, a greater man than you are? The thing to do is to be honest, to be today what is natural to you today, and thus you will *grow toward* your ideal. It is the only way you *can* reach it. But you, in your spiritual pride, are trying to ignore all the steps in between and to reach the ideal in one jump. But jump as you will, you will never get there that way. The thing for you to do is to marry. You will not have to desert your ideal. Grow toward it together.

This would seem so plausible and sound that for a while my ideal would grow very pale and its voice rather faint. Until there came another high hour and I knew that while there was much in me which did not go with my ideal naturally, which was personal and self-seeking, there was also something else in me for which it was as natural to love universally, freely, all men, all things, as it was for the wind to breathe through the trees. And the fight would rage again.

But if for a moment my ideal overpowered, or by its sheer beauty even enlisted, my shrinking personal life,

then my friends would come to its support. With the exception of one person I knew no human being who saw anything in my position but evidence of a disordered mind or of diseased emotions. "Read psychology," they exclaimed, "and that will show you what's wrong with you." And so, as it was truth I was seeking and not justification for a position, I did read psychology. And this set me grubbing around in my insides to try to find the roots of all my ideals and hopes and dreams. And this probably helped me more to see the man I actually was than to understand and believe in the man I was more deeply, down underneath, the man I was meant to be, and was struggling to become. It helped more to tie me to my dead past than to lift me toward the life and promise of the future. It strengthened my selfishness rather than my faith in my ideal. It even had the effect of dressing up my selfishness as my *real* ideal. And this went on and on, on and on, one alternation after the other, until I did not know steadily, positively, where the ideal was. I had made the mistake of listening too much to what was said to me by other people, well-intentioned friends though they were. I did not stop up my ears to the world, and put out my eyes and turn to its appeals a heart like stone. I had been too weak to stake everything in heaven and earth and hell, for her whom I loved, for myself, and for the world, on my own sheer recognition of what were my high hours and the things which stood out in those hours as true. In a word, I had not listened singly enough to the still small voice in my soul. . . .

And so, I simply grew more and more confused. Where *was* the truth? How could I *know* it? My Light might be still the same but was it a light from God or a light from hell? A light to trust or to flee from? It *seemed* to come out of my hours of stillness and of self-surrender, but psychologists knew of other voices, obsessions from perverted instincts, voices from buried and invisible but very real fears, making not for life but for destruction. How could I know which it was? How could I get the whole problem down out of the intangible realm of the mystical to a place where I could come to grips with it, except as I made it a matter of experience?

And so at last, after a struggle which in all had lasted three years and pretty much worn us out, we both came to the conclusion that the only thing was for us to undertake a life together. I came to this decision with much wavering and many misgivings. But all these I bared fully and frankly. It was not that my Light had changed—not that there was no longer something which whispered against marriage in what seemed to be my selfless hours. But I was unable to make sure that I could give it my complete trust. It seemed necessary that I put my Light to a test. Experience might lead to an inner change in which I would find our life together established. Or, I might be led to the unescapable certainty that my Light all along had been from God.

That we should at last deliberately have adopted such a course may only reveal how desperate were the straits in which we found ourselves. Certainly it betrays how little of a mystic I am, and how in a time of crisis the things that were seen proved more real than the things that were unseen and intangible. The great seer never puts the witness of the soul to any test. For him the things of the spirit simply *are*. Unseen, unheard, untouched, unproved and unprovable, they are yet more real than all the visible, tangible, provable universe. He can only accept them and obey. . . . However, I am not trying to make a case for myself but to tell a story. And this is part of it.

Neither of us believed that the love relations between a man and a woman needed the sanction either of church or of state. Their marriage was a spiritual thing, "made in heaven" if you will, and needed no confirmation by earthly authorities.

And so, early in October, 1922, gathered with a handful of those closest to us, on a commanding hilltop in Westchester Co., N. Y., we read some passages from the Gospels and from Whitman's "Song of the Open Road." And then after a few words to one another and to those present as to the meaning of this step, we declared our intention to live together as man and wife. (It happens that in the State of New York such a proceeding has been recognized since 1908 as constituting a legal marriage.) But we also said to one another and to our friends that we were in no sense bound the one to the other, that our common life should continue only as we were united in God, and we freely pledged one another the freedom at any time to go any way that either of us might feel led by her or his sense of Truth.

But within a little while I had to recognize that what I took to be my Light still remained the same, that as tested now by experience I could no longer doubt it, that I had to struggle to be true to it or lose all my sense of the reality of God and the meaning of life, and my chief source of guidance. My Light required that if we lived together, it should be as brother and sister. And I felt that somehow I must tell this to my wife. There was of course that in me which rose in fierce protest and cried, "Have you no love at all but for yourselves? No concern but for the working out of your own life?" But I never was much of a success at acting a part. And so the truth was soon known. . . . It was at this time that we both touched bottom. And yet I believe that neither of us ever gave way to utter despair. However unexpressed it may have been, I think we both were sustained by a faith (which somehow would not die) that there was *no* situation from which people could not find a way out if only they would serve Truth—Truth—unflinchingly the Truth. And so gradually we pulled ourselves together to face the facts. It was, of course, a year of pain and struggle. We felt that whatever conclusions we reached should, if possible, be shared by both, and that even if it came to parting, it should not be until we could part with at least undiminished faith and love the one toward the other. Needless to say there were ups and downs, but gradually two things stood out clearly.

1. In general, our deep urges and our fundamental perceptions of the truth in life were markedly similar when not identical, but the concrete ways of expression which the Life in us demanded were not enough alike in detail, to make a life together possible without compromise on one side or the other. On the one hand, I felt I should have no property, no money, and should sink myself amidst the life of people who were poor or outcast or degraded. She, on the other hand, felt drawn to a little place of her own in the country, where she could live a very simple existence, close to the heart of Nature which she felt had secrets to bare to her, where she could support herself with the products of her garden and her hand-weaving.

2. Neither of us believed in compromise. We came, moreover, to see that it was not only wrong but

futile to try to be to one another anything more or other than we were before God. No one wants from another anything that does not come out of his *whole* heart, which is not his *real* self, which is a lie. And indeed, it is a false love that prompts a person thus to put up a pretense in an effort to spare another pain. It is not love at all. It is self-pity. We do it because we lack the strength and courage to witness another's anguish brought on by our efforts to serve Truth. We cannot stand the pain it gives to *us*. But my wife and I were daily being confirmed in our conviction that in the Truth alone is to be found man's whole hope of real life and enduring peace and joy. This is the only rock to build on that he has. No matter how much he suffers, no matter how much anyone else suffers, he must live by all the perception of Truth that is in him. Only so can he find more of Truth. And only as he and all men find more and more of Truth, aye Truth itself, and build on it and in accord with it, can human life on this earth endure and blossom in ever greater variety and beauty. All else is a delusion and a snare. We were sure now that if, through thick and through thin, with a terribly single eye and with unfailing patience and endurance, we could think and speak and act by the Truth that was in us we would come through at last to a life that was real, solid as the universe itself, and full of unspeakable joy. We might have much to give up, but what came to us would be worth far more.

And to that conviction, after a little over a year of life together in preparation, we finally decided to give ourselves.

And our faith has been more than justified. Outwardly it has indeed meant a life largely apart—though even outwardly we have been much together. But inwardly we never have been so deeply united as we are now. But far more important even than that, we have come to the place where neither of us is so dependent on or so emotionally entangled in, the life of the other. Each has dug down within his own heart and found a life of his own and his own way to live it, a life rooted in God, in the foundations of the universe. More than ever we look to Truth and the single-hearted, the terribly mercilessly single-hearted, service of it. No one needs to fear to trust to it his all, not merely his own life, but the life and happiness of others. The way may lie through blood and tears, yet little babies come that way too, but we think not of the blood and tears but of the *new life* that has come into our midst. And it should be likewise with the birthing and growing of souls. Let us not fear suffering, either to bear it or to cause it. Let us fear naught but untruth. For Truth *is*—Truth *alone* is. And in the long run and at last, the blood and the tears shall be only with him who has failed to find the Truth and to make his life plumb with it. But they who have sought the Truth and who, as they have found it, have given themselves to serve it, may know pain, but ever less pain, whereas the Life in them will unfold in ever greater fullness, beauty, and peace.

And now a new ideal has opened up before me. Slowly I came to see (how I do not know, but surely in part through the help of Edward Carpenter) that Tolstoy misses the real heart of Jesus' meaning in Matthew V:28 when he says that no woman whatsoever is to be made an object of sexual desire. This of course is true, but the greater truth is that every one of us is spirit even as God is spirit and that our only union and betrothal must be to Him. Any lusting after the flesh, any clinging to the changeable mortal creature, any effort to build our life upon, or to find enduring satisfaction in union with any human being, is a building upon sand which dooms our life to suffering and destruction, it is a faithlessness to our only true union and betrothal which is adultery. For God is the real Life *in* and *under* and *behind* every person and every thing, in them all unfailingly, looking out upon us, coming close to us, touching us, speaking to us, out of them all. And he who loves Him really, solely, wholly, *must* love Him everywhere, in all alike, with no favorites, no clinging to the creature, finding in Him alone one's perfect comrade, and in His heart one's nested home forever and forever. And when under the spell of this vision of Life, I discovered that I had no turning toward sex whatsoever. This confirmed celibacy as my ideal and even indicated it also as the ideal universal.

But it did more than this. *Through* this experience, though rather unconsciously at the time, I was being prepared for a vision of life that would transcend even celibacy. I was laying a foundation for one other possibility in what is, I suppose, the *infinite* range of possibilities in the Life of God. Celibacy is still necessary probably as part of the life of a man who would go into society's jungles, but rather as an expedient than as an ideal, because society is now so *un*ideal. And it is still necessary also for those (like myself) who have not yet flowered into the fullness and freedom of the spirit. I still believe that it is wrong for men and women to look upon one another as a means for their own carnal enjoyment. And I still believe that the whole meaning of our Life is to make of God our Beloved, our only Beloved, in our love of Whom alone all our seemingly other love has its origin. I believe more than ever that the whole meaning of our Life is to find the indwelling Life of the Universe and to become one with It, to see that It is our real Self, our only real Life, to surrender to It our all, to become nothing before It, nothing but something for It to flow through and use as It will, in ways without our knowing and beyond our knowing. Indeed, it is on my faith in the possibility of doing this very thing perfectly that my new vision entirely depends. But—but—if sometimes in high hours of spiritual unity, without any self-seeking or physical desire, it flow through in sex; if now and then at what perhaps are rare moments in a life-time, the Holy Ghost descend upon a couple and enter into their bodies, so caught up and made one in the rhythm of their spirits that they hardly know what they do, and later on a son be born—surely, surely this is of God. . . . I have not known this as an experience. But I cannot escape the truth and beauty of it. I see that at last *all* life and all *parts* of life must be redeemed, all made holy, and that all things do become holy once a man has established his mastery over them, once they become his servants, ready instantly and with joy to do every least bidding of the Life of God in him. I see how *unspeakably* holy, how joyously free because so pure from self, would be the relations between men and women if it could be so. I realize that some people (whether most or only a few, I know not, but so far I seem to be one of them) may find that when they are spiritually most exalted, their souls do not turn toward sex, that for them sex does not seem to be a means of spiritual expression, that their way toward God, at least for a while, is through celibacy. I realize, too, that the expression of such Love through sex would wait upon the attainment of an almost incredible self-mastery—more exquisite and perfectly poised by far than any celibacy requires.

## The Field

*"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."*

### DECLARATION

In regard to the present situation in China, we, the Chinese Students' Christian Association in North America, believe that the nationalistic spirit is underlying the efforts of China to become a democracy, unhampered by the bondage of the Unequal Treaties. We believe that this nationalistic spirit has been generated spontaneously in the Chinese people, and that the number of people there who are influenced by Communistic propaganda is negligible. We further believe that the Chinese people as a whole are united in supporting the political party which has a definite and constructive program, internally and externally, for the abrogation of all unilateral and unequal treaties that infringe upon China's sovereignty.

We view with amazement the distorted reports in some American newspapers that tend to create the impression that the whole disturbance in China is wrought by the agents of Russia. We find that the impressions created by some newspapers and some propagandists to the effect that American lives and property are in great danger in China are false and contrary to facts. Furthermore, we find that the anti-foreign sentiment is caused by the long delay on the part of the Powers to take steps to restore to China her sovereign rights and that the few anti-foreign and anti-Christian demonstrations were staged by a few extremists, and that the Chinese people as a whole welcome intercourse with the nations of the world on a friendly and equal basis.

We wish to assert that the Chinese people have not forgotten the traditional policy of the United States of justice and friendship toward China. We find that there has been a growing sense of comprehension on the part of the Chinese people to witness that the United States appears to have deviated from her traditional policy and has adopted the policy of concerted action with other powers at the expense of justice and friendly relations.

We believe that the use of force on the part of the Powers in China will further aggravate and intensify the graveness of the situation, and that the Chinese people will be reasonable in response to sincere efforts on the part of the Powers to deal with the present situation on the basis of equity and justice.

We sincerely hope that if necessary the United States will pursue an independent course in opening negotiations with China for new treaties based on justice and reciprocity, and that the United States will readily recognize the party that has won the support of the Chinese people as the de jure government of the Republic of China.

The Central Executive Board of the Chinese Christian Students' Association in North America.
*New York City.*

### A PERMANENT COMMISSION ON BETTER UNDERSTANDING

Passover and Easter occurred this year on the same day. Whatever may be the theological differences between Jews and Christians centering around these festivals, the spirit of human brotherhod is common to them both. Whatever may have been the conditions in mediaeval Europe which made this season of the year an occasion for fear and hatred between Christians and Jews, in America today Passover and Easter instill in human hearts the hope of peace and good-will.

Considerable progress has been made throughout America in organizing good-will and better understanding among the religious groups of our citizenship. Soon after The American Hebrew launched this possibility and fostered the idea in 1920, there was organized the American Good-Will Union which has done splendid work of a local character. Then there followed the Committee on Good-Will between Jews and Christians of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which formed a Joint Commission on Good-Will with representatives of the Central Conference of American Rabbis. This urge toward good-will between Christians and Jews culminated at the close of 1925 when The American Christian Fund for Jewish Relief blazed the way for a union of Catholics and Protestants in a humanitarian effort in behalf of the distressed Jews of Eastern Europe. The presumption is warranted, however, that after this distress has been alleviated this good-will group will disband.

But fear will continue to be the child of ignorance, and intolerance the offspring of misunderstanding. Emergencies of misrepresentation, false accusation, groundless attack, are destined time and again to arouse the slumbering emotions of bitterness and hate, of turmoil and rancor, of pain and discord in the hearts and minds of individuals and groups among Americans. When such emergencies do arise there will be none to save.

* * *

When the alleged oath of the Knights of Columbus was discussed in Congress, the Catholics of America were at a tremendous disadvantage because they, as Catholics, had to defend themselves against a baseless accusation. Suppose, at that time, an authoritative group of Americans, representing Protestants, Jews and Catholics, had examined fully into the Knights of Columbus oath and had issued a statement of the facts. How much ill-will and hatred, from the effect of which the country is still suffering, would have been spared the nation!

When the Ku Klux Klan made its bid for control of American political as well as religious life, it required nearly five years to arouse public opinion against the menace to American institutions. Suppose an authoritative group of Americans, representing Protestants, Catholics and Jews, of their own volition had investigated the purposes of the Klan, and had made public their findings. How many years of unnecessary turmoil and rancor would have been saved to America and Americans!

When Henry Ford alleged that the spurious enormity called "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion" was evidence of an international Jewish conspiracy against the world and especially against Christianity, the Jews, unorganized and unprepared, singly and through their representatives, had to defend themselves. Suppose there had been at that time an authoritative group of Americans, before whom had been placed the documents evidencing that the Protocols are a forgery; suppose the impartial conclusions of this group had been heralded throughout the nation. How much misunderstanding, bitterness, and hatred would have been obviated!

When Queen Marie visited America she was presented with petitions protesting against violations of religious minorities rights guaranteed by the

---

I believe that to know this experience one must first have become, verily a Christ. But it is part of my deepest faith that human beings do have it in them to become Christs; in them all I behold the Perfect Man, awaiting the day of His setting free. The time will come when we shall have a whole race of Christs, aye, I venture to believe, of women and men who will have gone beyond even Jesus. And so, although my experience still lags behind my faith, and although I may never prove worthy to enter the promised land or find my promised land somewhat different, I see, yea, surely I do see, that in the Kingdom of God there shall be such Love and that at last men and women shall enter in and take possession of it.*

BILL SIMPSON.

*Wallington (Passaic), New Jersey.*

*Note: As stated in the author's foreword, this chapter will be incorporated in the pamphlet reprint of the autobiographical story entitled, "A Spiritual Quest and Venture of Faith." This pamphlet ought to be off the press inside two or three weeks. "The Community of Love" is another and larger pamphlet which presents the philosophy of life which has grown out of Bill Simpson's efforts to find the truth and to live by it. Either pamphlet may be obtained by addressing him at 292 Maple avenue, Wallington (Passaic), N. J.

Treaty of Versailles. These violations were cited to her by Lutherans, Presbyterians, the Christian Reformed Church, Roman Catholics, Unitarians and Jews—without result. Suppose, however, there had been at the time an authoritative group of Americans representing Protestants, Catholics and Jews, who had investigated the allegations of these persecutions, who had informed American public opinion, and who had placed before the Queen the combined petitions of all these religious groups,—would she, while our guest, and would the Roumanian Government since, have disdained such a protest?

* * *

In line with the ideals that have permeated this publication and in the spirit of the season, we suggest that there be organized in America a Permanent Commission on Better Understanding to be composed of Protestants, Catholics and Jews. The members of this Commission shall not be the official representatives of their organized religious denominations, but volunteers—men of enlightenment, of tested moral calibre, of sympathetic understanding of the convictions of others, lovers of truth and of their fellowmen.

This Permanent Commission on Better Understanding is to be free of private religious views or doctrines or beliefs or practices. It is to be free of politics. It is not to initiate any new movements. It is not, of its own accord, to investigate any problem that may trouble the religious groups. Questions touching international relations shall be entirely out of its province.

Its function shall be limited to this: whenever a group of American citizens comes before the Commission claiming that it is attacked unjustly and on grounds that are ill-founded; that the attack is calculated to engender ill-will and breed hate, with no redress under law or at the hands of the Government, the Permanent Commission on Better Understanding shall investigate, ascertain and enunciate the truth, create and voice public opinion on the subject.

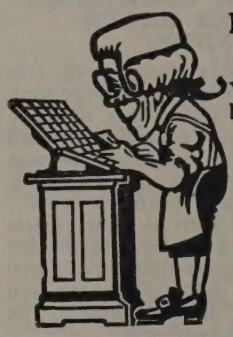
Day by day it is becoming self-evident in America that the power of public opinion is wielding greater sway than the threat of armies. We believe the time has come for Americans of enlightened outlook to get together in a permanent organization that will function effectively for Better Understanding. An opinion-creating commission of representative Protestants, Catholics and Jews, as here outlined, entails no loss whatever of the integrity of these separate religious bodies. After all, the prophetic striving of humanity is toward the basic brotherhood of man. We should think more in common terms of world welfare and humanity. The whole trend of the times is toward federation of ideas, towards concord as opposed to discord, toward cooperation for the betterment of civilization.

* * *

The purpose and objective of this Commission, therefore, is to be solely opinion-making. It will have no power, nor will it have any desire, to act in any other capacity. It will have no permanent officers and will call itself into session only when it receives an appeal to redress a group wrong. It will determine for itself whether a protest from a particular group comes within its purview. But when it has undertaken a task, when it has investigated painstakingly, and when it has spoken after careful and unbiased deliberation, the whole nation will listen and accept its pronouncement as the enlightened voice of the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish population, on the broad grounds of American humanity.

To this end, The American Hebrew is happy to announce that nine eminent men, representing the three major faiths, have undertaken to function as the Permanent Commission on Better Understanding. These men are: Dr. S. Parkes Cadman; Martin Conboy, Esq.; Hon. Victor J. Dowling; Father Francis P. Duffy; Dr. William H. P. Faunce; Hon. Irving Lehman; Hon. Henry Morgenthau; Dean Roscoe Pound and Dr. Stephen S. Wise.

—*The American Hebrew*

**It's a "Case" of Necessity**

**Your Printing will be above criticism if done by**

**THE OAKLAND PRESS**

**3913 Cottage Grove**

**Tel. Atlantic 1876**

***IN APRIL***

Comes Easter as the signal for introducing your clothes of a new season. Spring demands an appropriate wardrobe—and there is no greater economy to be practiced than the use of our service which so expertly cleanses and freshens each previously worn garment that you send us.

Schumann & Co
Cleaners Dyers

PHONE DREXEL 0231 ALL DEPARTMENTS
MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
*3960 Cottage Grove Avenue*

***DREXEL State Bank***

**Cottage Grove Ave. and Oakwood Blvd.**

**Thirty-two years of conservative banking, combined with service and courtesy for every depositor —large or small—is the record of this bank . . . . . .**

***Your savings and checking account cordially invited***

***Resources Six and one-half Million Dollars***

**Do This for their sake!**

GIVE your children Bowman's Milk. It furnishes quick energy to offset fatigue. It builds fine teeth and strong bones. A quart a day is none too much, so doctors say.

**BOWMAN DAIRY COMPANY MILK**

**Phone Oakland 489** **JANITORS' SUPPLIES**

**Everything in HARDWARE**

**AT**

**PORTER'S**

**4236 Cottage Grove Ave.**